

## After Many Years Rev. Dr. Osterhout Returned To Preach to the North

Rev. Dr. Osterhout, one of the superintendents of missions under the United Church, was a visitor to this district over the week end, and while in the district was a guest of Dr. H. C. Wrinch. Dr. Osterhout was a missionary on the Naas river forty odd years ago, and his last visit to this section was some thirty-five years ago. He walked over the grease trail from the Naas to Kisplox, and at that time it was some trip.

The Port Simpson Indians celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of the establishment of the mission at that point. The logical man to take part in that celebration was Rev. Dr. Osterhout, so arrangements were made for him to make this trip.

Some three years ago the church at Port Simpson was burned down, and while the Indians were anxious to get a new church built there did not seem to be anyone to take the lead.

In preparation for the trip north Dr. Osterhout called on the Misses Boulton daughters of the man who established the Port Simpson hospital and one or two others who have an interest in the Port Simpson mission, and when he got started on his journey he had \$300 as a starter for the new church. It was considered that the sixtieth anniversary was a good time to start the new

church on the way.

Dr. Osterhout speaks the Indian dialects better than the Indians and although it is thirty-five years since he has used the Indian language, he talked to the natives at Port Simpson in their native tongue. He told them he had \$300 as a starter for the new church, and for them to get busy and raise some more money. After that meeting the Indians got together and \$800 was raised between them. They have undertaken to increase this to \$3000, and they will do it. The old church was insured for \$5000 and it is the intention to build a ten thousand dollar church.

After attending Presbytery meeting in Prince Rupert Dr. Osterhout came up the river to visit another of his old charges—Kisplox. He held a service there Sunday afternoon, and although most of the men are away hunting he found a number who he had known previously. He talked to the Kisplox Indians in their native tongue and the natives were pleasantly surprised.

On Sunday morning the visiting minister gave the sermon in the United church in Hazelton and in the evening he preached in New Hazelton. His sermons were much appreciated by both congregations. In New Hazelton Mrs. Redman sang during the offering.

## Geo. Little Is Encouraged by Better Business

Last Saturday afternoon George Little returned from a trip to Alberta and he had a carload of heavy horses and another carload of beef animals and a dozen fat ewes. He got some very fine horses and he says that the price of horses has gone up and is going up. There are not today the animals to meet the demand and will not be for another three or four years. For a number of years the farmers have not been breeding horses and now that a demand has been created there is and will be a shortage. Everyone is going to start raising colts this year, but that crop will not be ready for the market for about four years.

Mr. Little also found the price of beef cattle up, and an indication that it would continue to increase. The price of hogs, of course, is away up and the hog men are making some nice money.

Mr. Little reports that Alberta is looking better now than it has for a number of years. He was surprised and pleasantly so, to find that the outlook had changed so decidedly since his trip to the prairie a year ago. He found the people feeling better; business was better and the theatres and other places of amusement were crowded and business seemed to be quite brisk.

He was quite encouraged in regard to the lumber market and the outlook for some immediate business. The outlook is so good that he decided he would get his mill going again and he was confident that it would be kept going for a long time.

### THE HOME TOWN

In the spring time a young man's fancy turns to love, but the old man often turns to poetry, and here is one sent in to us from one of the older young fellows. He got it out of an old country paper.

It doesn't matter much be its buildings great or small,  
The home town, the home town, is the best town of all.  
The cities of the millions have the sun and stars above,  
But they lack the friendly faces of the few you've learned to love.  
And with all their pomp of riches and with all their teeming throngs,  
The heart of man is rooted in the town where he belongs.  
There are places good to visit, there are cities fair to see,  
There are haunts of charm and beauty where at times its good to be.  
But the humblest little hamlet sings a melody to some,  
And no matter where they travel it is calling them to come.  
Though cities rise to greatness and are gay with gaudy dress;  
There is something in the home town which no other towns possess.  
The home town has a treasure which the distance cannot gain,  
It is there the hearts are kindest, there the gentlest friends remain;  
It is there a mystic something seems to permeate the air  
To set the weary wanderer to wishing he were there;  
And be it great or humble, it holds mankind in thrall,  
For the home town, the home town, is the best town after all.

### PROPOGATING PERENNIAL PLANTS

A common method of propagating perennial plants is by division of the roots. This way must be used for plants like iris, peonies, named daffodilums and phlox which do not come from true seed. It is also a quicker way to get stocks of other plants than by seed growing. In an old border the clumps frequently grow large and the centre becomes strayed and useless from an ornamental point of view. The flowers also, seem to be smaller and poorer than they used to be. When this happens, the crown should be dug up and pulled apart and the old part discarded. However, if the plant is an especially good variety the old parts may be planted out into rich soil in rows, while the fresh and young divisions are replanted in the border. The best way to do the dividing is to dig up the whole clump, knock off as much of the earth as possible, and pull the plant apart with the hands, using a sharp knife when necessary. If one wishes to get as large a stock as possible, the plant may be divided into quite small pieces, so long as each consists of a piece of root and a bud. However, if one is going to plant the pieces in the border, the divisions may consist of four or five buds each.

The W. A. to the H. H. had a very fine meeting on Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. W. S. Russell in Hazelton. There were fifteen ladies present. The treasurer reported so much money in the bank that the ladies decided to purchase some silver ware, linen, towelling and other necessary supplies for the hospital. The receipts of the sale of home cooking were nearly \$30.00.

### ON HUDSON BAY MOUNTAIN

W. R. Wilson & Sons have got started work for this season on Hudson Bay mountain. They have two properties on that hill, the Glacier Gulch grouse and Pete Schuler's property. At present camp is being built at the Glacier Gulch, and some men have been sent up to the Schuler property to go to work on the tunnel. Messrs. Wilson propose to give both these properties a thorough testing during this present year.

## Hazelton Hospital Patrons Elect Representatives and Hear the Annual Reports

The annual meeting of the Patrons of the Hazelton Hospital was held in the United Church in Hazelton on Monday night and there was a splendid attendance. It was known that the report from the board of directors was going to show quite a deficit, the first for a long time that was not at least recoverable from prospective immediate revenue. But that did not keep the people away, and they did not feel at all discouraged. This institution has weathered storms before and will weather this one. While the funds are two thousand dollars behind for the year and cannot be met this coming year, there is a confidence that a year or two hence will wipe out all the deficits, and provide money for some needed repairs to the older buildings.

R. S. Sargent, chairman of the Patrons, occupied the chair and conducted the proceedings in a business like and efficient manner as usual. The opening numbers were singing "O, Canada" a vocal solo by Mrs. Myros and a violin solo by Mrs. Redman. Later in the evening Mr. Mallinson gave a solo and Mrs. Redman also sang. Rev. Mr. Redman presided at the organ.

Mrs. Redman presented the report of the W.A. to the H.H. and it showed a year of work as good as any that had been done in the past, although the cash receipts were not so large.

Dr. H. C. Wrinch, secretary to the board of directors presented the report from that body and it was received by the patrons very favorably in spite of the shortage of money. The cause for the shortage was that after the budget had been prepared last year the provincial government cut its grant, the Indian Department reduced its fees for Indian patients and called for fewer Indians to be treated, and the United Church cut its grant. In all there was an unexpected reduction in receipts of several thousand dollars. It is hoped to get some of these restored this year.

Favorable comments were made by

Rev. Mr. Redman and Mr. Douglas Lay, the latter especially stressing the hope that the cut in wages the staff found necessary to accept, would be restored in the very near future.

The patrons re-elected Messrs. R. S. Sargent, M. A. Myros and W. S. Russell as their representatives on the board of directors. Mr. Sargent was also re-elected chairman of the patrons meetings.

Rev. Dr. Osterhout, one of the superintendents of missions for the United Church was present and he also took part in the proceedings. He was invited by the chairman to speak to the gathering, and although he had been heard once or twice already by a majority of those present, his address was listened to with much interest and appreciation. The Doctor stated that it was a long time since he had been in Hazelton before and he saw very little that he could remember of the old town, and he found only a very few people left who he had met on his previous visit thirty-five years ago. This, of course, was the first he had seen the Hazelton Hospital and he felt a great pride in being connected with a church which was providing so well for the people of this north land. He appreciated the pride that was felt by all the people in the north in this institution—it was quite equal to any hospital in its class and far superior to most. He encouraged the people to stay on the job and back the hospital to the best of their ability and it would bring its own reward.

Dr. Osterhout said he had thoroughly enjoyed his visit to this district and his only regret was that he had to proceed along his way early in the morning. He would like to be sent back to take over the work of the superintendent of missions in the north. He liked the north and would never forget his visit.

The nursing staff from the hospital served refreshments and after a social hour the gathering broke up with the National Anthem.

### WINNERS AT SEED FAIR

The annual B. C. Seed Fair was held in Victoria recently. The winners of prizes from this part of the country are given below. It will be noticed the number of winners is smaller than usual. This is because the number of exhibitors was smaller. Last year a most unfavorable year in the north for producing show stuff. The farmers simply did not have good stuff, and did not send it to Victoria. But it is noticeable that Bulkley Valley was 100 per cent there when it came to timothy seed, and while humans have quite eating timothy hay, there is an ever increasing market for the seed now that horses are being kept and used a great deal more than for a number of years. The prize winners are:—

Class 44—Timothy, 18 lbs.—C. Barrett, Barrett Lake; H. Silverthorne of Barrett Lake; E. C. Barger, Telkwa. Wm. Rennie Seed Company Cup. This cup is for the highest aggregate number of points in timothy class for 1932, 1933 and 1934. Chas. Barrett is the winner of the cup and will hold it until the show next year.

Class 59, six-rowed barley, 18 lbs.—A. Morin, Telkwa, the only exhibitor and he was awarded second prize.

While at Presbytery last week Dr. Wrinch gave the members a very full report of the conditions at the Hospital and how the shortage in funds came about. The members of the Presbytery were sympathetic and have entered all the requests made by the hospital for assistance from the church.

### RADIOS DEAD AFTER INSPECTOR

The radio inspector sent through by the Dominion government was in Hazelton alright for several days and he located several causes of trouble, but since he was here there has been no radio at all. It would have been better with the noises and get something than to have the radios dead. This is also the season for renewing licenses. The government can hardly expect to collect much with a dead radio. Inspectors may locate trouble, and they may not. If trouble is located it is up to the radio commission to have the cause of the trouble removed. It is not the part of the license paying owners of receiving sets to buy stuff for other people's machines. But the biggest trouble of all has not been taken into account—the broadcast stations that are supposed to serve this part of the country have not enough power. This could be overcome by a relay station in the north. The north is entitled to it, and if the north does not get better service the north has no right to pay any more licenses. What we want is radio, and it makes no difference what political party is in power or what political faith, or what village or city, the inspectors come from, we want radio and they can fight out their petty larceny, peanut politics and civic pride afterward.

A result of the canvas made for assistance for the Hospital the total received up to yesterday noon is now \$25.50. The lists are still open if you feel the urge to assist this worthy and needy cause.

## Clive Planta is Real Advocate Of North Road

Clive Planta, M.L.A. for the Peace River, the first member for that district, and in his maiden speech, showed himself to be a true representative of the north. He strongly advocated a Pacific outlet for that great country, but he stated that he realized that perhaps the time was not yet ripe for the building of such a railroad. The folk of the Peace River were willing to wait a while in order to get what they desired, but would insist on getting a real outlet to the Pacific. He was strongly opposed to any route which would take their goods down the inside of the mountain ranges to Vancouver as the Peace River had nothing to offer on the market of Vancouver or Victoria. The Peace River would also oppose a route eastward via Obed. The only route that would be of any use to the Peace River country was via Hazelton to Prince Rupert. This is the first time that a northern member has come out boldly and declared for a purely northern route to serve the north, and in spite of Vancouver and the big stick. More power to Mr. Planta.

### JACK JOSEPH GETTING BETTER

Jack Joseph, chief of the Morice-town Indians, who met with a serious accident in the woods a week or so ago is a patient in the new hospital at Smithers. Very little hope was entertained for his recovery when he was admitted, but he seems to be pulling through alright. Last week end some of his friends were in to see him and he knew them all and says he is not going to die yet.

Remember the St. Patrick's dance in New Hazelton on Friday, March 16th. The affair is in aid of the Hospital and is worthy of your support. You will also have a good time. The affair is being held on Friday night so that the dance may be kept going as long as you want to dance. Saturday is the real St. Patrick's Day, but many people do not care about dancing on Sunday, and the dance would have to be called at midnight.

# The Crippled Lady Of Peribonka

By James Oliver Curwood

W.N.U. Service

"I have come to ask if you will take me over to Peribonka tomorrow and help me arrange for a little plot of ground," she said, tightening her hands in her lap. "My mother loves Peribonka. In so many ways it has reminded her of the village where she was born and from which my father brought her to America. We have dreamed of living there some day, for I love it, too. Now that mother is going to die, she wants to be buried there. Tomorrow I want to arrange for a place in the cemetery, as near the river as possible. She told me today just where she would like to rest, in a little corner that was overgrown with wild honeysuckle when we were there last. She is so eager to get it, so happy and smiling and unafraid in planning for it—so wonderful—such a mother—that last night I asked God to let me die and go with her."

Looking into her bravely clear and tearless eyes, Paul felt himself, for a moment, unable to answer her. Then he said:

"We will go tomorrow, Carla. But it will be a long time before anything



"We Will Go Tomorrow, Carla. But It Will Be a Long Time Before Anything Happens."

happens. It may be—it won't happen at all. Doctors are not infallible. Sometimes—"

Carla smiled at him. Her look of gratitude transfigured her face.

"Thank you," she said gently. "It gives me greater courage to know that you are hoping for me like that. My mother says the doctors are wrong. That is why I want to go to Peribonka tomorrow. Mother wants to be with me as long as she can, but she insists that the time is very short, much shorter than the doctors have said."

"You believe that?"

"I must," Carla was looking beyond him, as if in the distance were a vision which it would be impossible for him to see. "I try not to believe, but it comes over me and holds me. It isn't just fear."

"I am going to write for Miss Wixom to come and take charge of the children," said Paul. "You must be with your mother without interruption."

Carla drew herself together with a

little shock.

"Please don't. I must have the work—the pleasure—the inspiration of the children. Mother wants it that way, too. She sits in her window, and I can see her from the schoolhouse, and we wave our hands at each other every little while. She can see the children, and they are always thinking about her. Even during hours they don't forget. You see, they are as much mother's as mine, and we cannot turn them over to Miss Wixom. Mother and I need them. You won't send for Miss Wixom—until it is necessary?"

"No."

As she rose from her chair she took the picture of Paul's wife from the desk and stood looking at it with her back turned to the light coming through the window. Thus Paul could see them both—the profile of Carla, her exquisitely cut features, the grace and beauty of her head, and his wife smiling up at her out of the picture. After a moment Carla smiled gently in return.

"When is she coming home?" she asked.

"I don't know. She doesn't keep me in touch with her plans. Sometime before Christmas, I think."

He wondered why the note of bitterness persisted in coming into his voice when he spoke of his wife. It annoyed him. He tried to keep it back. Yet it would come out.

"She likes to surprise me," he added, walking around the end of his desk to stand beside Carla. "When the time comes I will get a telegram from her saying she is on board ship or in New York. 'Home, Paul,' she said last time. 'When are you coming to see me?' I wish she loved children as you love them."

"All women love children," replied Carla mysteriously.

"No, she doesn't. I've wanted a lot of them. Boys, mostly. Claire could be such a wonderful mother."

"She will be, some day," said Carla. "I saw the painting of it in her face when she was here, and I see it now—shining in her eyes—in this picture. She has a soul as deep as the sea, Mr. Kirke, and she must love children!"

She replaced the picture on the desk, and Paul helped her again with her ruincat.

"May I go with you?" he asked. "Like the children, I love your mother."

"Oh!"

The word escaped her lips, and the eagerness of it made his heart tingle.

"You mean that? You are not saying it just to be good to me? You love my mother?"

"Yes. Next to my own mother, who has been away from me so long."

He could not understand what he saw in her face. It was as if a flame had suddenly thrown a glow upon it.

They went out into the rain, and on the narrow cinder path Carla's arm touched Paul's. A soothing and pleasurable sensation accompanied the gentle pressure of it, and he glanced down at her head near his shoulder, imprisoned in its hood. He could see the silken mesh of her long lashes gathering the rain mist.

A few minutes later the mother welcomed him from her chair near the window, from which she could see Carla's school. Carla had taken his hat and coat. A new spirit had entered the house with her. She was smiling, kissed her mother, chirruped a few notes to a bird in a cage as she went for a moment into the kitchen. What a magnificent fight! The cottage was filled with birds and flowers.

Out where Carla had gone, a canary was singing. A sleepy cat was purring on a cushion at Mrs. Haldan's feet. In a small grate a fire was burning. Contentment and happiness, and not the shadow of death, seemed triumphant about him.

Mrs. Haldan was the soul of this cheer. Twenty-five years in America had taken from her the ruggedness of her native mountains but had left the spirit of their beauty. She looked at Paul with the same eyes that Carla had. Her hair was heavy, like Carla's, and almost white. Paul had a vision of her back in her mountains, a quarter of a century before. How much she must have looked like Carla then! What beauty grew in those out-of-the-way places, like flowers lost in rugged rock crevices, with ages of history and the struggle of life behind it to give it character. A beauty with indestructible memories along with other things. Memory of love, most of all. He knew that Carla's father had died twenty years before, but one could always see him clearly in the eyes of Carla's mother, and when she talked about him it was as though he had gone away on a little visit only yesterday.

Carla would be like that. One love, one man, forever.

There was no pretense in her mother's gladness that he had come. They visited for an hour, and Carla made tea and served little cakes.

Never had Paul seen Carla so beautiful as during this wonderful hour he spent with her mother. When he was about to leave, and stood with her alone for a few moments, it seemed to him he could feel the throbbing of her body near him. Her fingers pressed his hand a little convulsively when he said good-by.

"You have made me happier than I have been in a long time," she said.

The words repeated themselves in his mind after he had gone. No woman had ever told him that he had made her happy, except his mother, Carla—and his mother. He took a long walk in the rain—up through the jack pines into the heavier evergreen timber, where the drizzle penetrated only in a mist—and the two women walked at his side. Then his wife joined them. Three wonderful women: his mother, Carla, his wife—with a fourth waiting for death back in her chair. The world must forever continue to be beautiful with such women in it. It was Claire, his wife, who turned him about and took him back to Derwent's home. He talked about her that evening. But he said nothing about the other three. They were locked in his heart, and it seemed sacrilege to open the door upon them.

## CHAPTER IV

The next day was Saturday, and Paul started for Peribonka early in the morning with Carla. Bad weather had given way at last to glorious autumnal sunshine and warmth. He was glad the rain-soaked sand and clay made a horse and buggy necessary. Carla was different, had grown different overnight. The beauty which had come into her face when he was with her mother had not disappeared to leave it so tense and strained again. She seemed nearer to him, infinitely more dependent than yesterday, and happier—if there could be such a thing as that emotion left in her life.

They crossed the great blueberry "burns," with miles and miles of flat, wild country about them, reaching toward the lake on one side and the timbered wilderness on the other. Only at wide intervals was there a habitation's home, and they met no one on the sticky road. Even this barrenness Paul loved. He talked to Carla about the country. All nature, no matter how desolate it might appear to others, was beautiful to him, he said. Nature could not make a desolation that was not beautiful, and never was there a farring note in its handiwork. Because most humans could not see the beauty and pathos of a fire-blackened stub or the enchanting mystery of a dormant pond was not proof that Nature had made an error. It was merely evidence that most human eyes were blind.

In a sandy place he got out and cut bushes weighted heavily with blueberries, and they plucked the luscious fruit from the same stems and ate it as they rode along. It was almost happiness. Only the grim

thing shadowing them kept it from being that, and even this shadow seemed to fold its wings for flashing moments. It grew warm, and, with the habit of her mother's people, Carla bared her head to let the air stir in her hair. Paul looked at it, with the restless desire in him growing stronger. It was always so smooth and soft, with its silky coils so gracefully fitting her head, that it seemed a loss of something precious not to touch its beauty. He thought of what Lucy-Belle had told her husband—of the love story in Carla's life. Some man had loved it. Some man had put his hand upon it. As their road came into green timber and he listened to Carla's voice telling him that in her own heart was a love for Nature so great that she would never live in a city again, he wondered what it was that had spoiled her romance so that she would never care for any other man or marry.

They came to Peribonka, and Maria Chapdelaine set them a luncheon in the old-fashioned little dining room overlooking her garden, with its luxuriant array of vegetables and flowers. She admired Carla, and brought in a little girl she had adopted to show her what loveliness one might come to possess if one lived right. Carla was a bit embarrassed, and Paul delighted, by such ardent and frankly spoken approval. Samuel Chapdelaine, tall, thin, and the main prop of Peribonka's church choir, joined them at the table for a visit, and after a time Paul took him aside and explained his mission. They went up the street together, and when they returned the business was over. The small square of ground with its wild honeysuckle vines belonged to Carla.

He took her to see it after they said good-by to the Chapdelaines, and when they stood over it, looking down at the river, he saw tears in Carla's eyes for the first time since he had known her. She made no movement to hide them or wipe them away when she smiled her gratitude at him. He held out his hand, and she gave him her own. He held it for a few moments, and neither broke the silence which fell between them as they walked down the footpath and through the picket gate.

An impulse which neither attempted to voice held them for a time in Peribonka. They went down to the river's edge and stood where they could see the birds splashing water over themselves on the sandbars. They saw the dumpy little twice-a-week boat from across the lake unloading goods for the villagers and habitants at its dilapidated wharf. On the opposite shore, close to the wayside, was a shrine. They could see its cross from where they stood, with the sun shining on it.

When they were ready to go Paul felt as if he were leaving something in Peribonka, just as the warmth of Carla's hand had left something in his heart. Carla, Peribonka, the little plot of ground—they would be as unforgettable as Mrs. Haldan's memories. He thought of this as they rode back through the afternoon. He thought of it later when he stood in his office again, and looked down upon the smash and grind of machinery in the pit. It troubled him and made him restless, and uneasy. This day, burned deeply into his life, seemed unreal now that it was over. It was as if an experience had turned into a dream, a thing of a few minutes instead of hours.

The friendly, faintly smiling gaze of his wife followed him about the room. He answered her letter that evening, and in his pages to her his freshly roused emotions found their voice. He told about the tragedy in Carla's life, of their journey to Peribonka, and of the little plot of ground in the cemetery. Writing in his office, with his wife's face looking at him, it was not difficult for him to let the floods pour out, just as he had unleashed them once or twice before in his six years of married life with her. He was a man, wanting a woman. He wanted his wife. He did not want her in Europe or Egypt or waiting for him in a palace at home. He wanted her with him. He told her this as tenderly as a man could write to a woman. It was a letter of love, of ardent hope, of visions—to his wife, Carla was the inspiration of it.

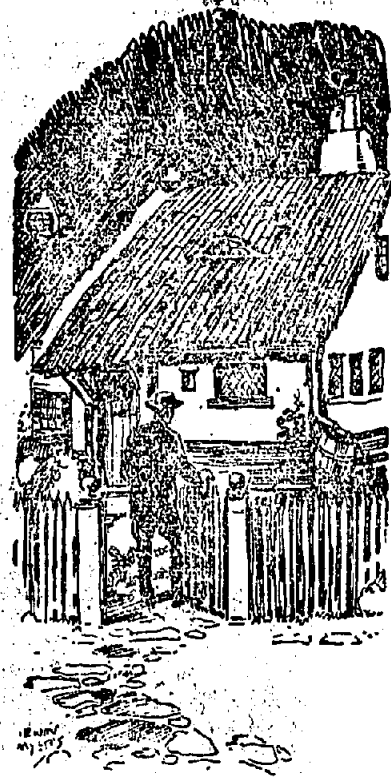
He sealed and addressed the letter and put it in the company's mail. What a glory life would be if his wife

picture. He remembered her golden beauty a part of the blue of open skies, a thing near and wonderful for him to have. But when he went out into the night and looked at the row of lighted cottages on the hill he thought of Carla, and a yearning to be near her possessed him again.

This impulse bewildered him. He went to his bachelor quarters and tried to read. One by one the houses grew dark. Still he endeavored to make his books and magazines interesting. Never had his nerves been more sleeplessly alert, and their obstinacy persisted after he had undressed and gone to bed. Something kept him awake—an incessant stream of things passing through his mind, detached, illogical, unreasonable, and always bringing him back in one way or another to Carla and her mother.

He got up and dressed. It was after midnight. Over the pit hung an illumination which reached up into the sky like the glow from a volcano. He turned down the cinder path and was soon among the men. No one was on the job who did not know him, even in the night shifts. Many of them spoke to him tonight, but their friendliness failed to wipe away the disquiet of mind which had compelled him to get out of bed. He looked at his watch and found it was one o'clock when he reached the far end of the workings. A gravel-made road led to the forest trail higher up, and he took this road out of the pit.

After a little he came to the row of cottages. There was a light in the Haldan home, and he found himself wondering what Carla did with the long nights in which she waited for the coming of death. Was it possible for her to sleep? Or did she sit alone through dragging hours watching her mother, praying for the day? He stopped at the gate to the picket fence which enclosed her flower gardens, and his ears caught a sound which did not come from the pit. It was like a cry. He opened the gate quietly and went in. A window was open somewhere, and he could hear clearly a voice that was sobbing. It



It Was Carla! No One Else in the Cottage Could Be Crying Like That.

was Carla! No one else in the cottage could be crying like that—surely not Carla's mother. His heart thumped against his ribs. His breath came little short. He went to the door and knocked against it gently. Then more loudly. Some one came, and the door opened. He entered and stood beside Carla. She had not been in bed, but not undressed. She was as he had left her hours before, except that her face and eyes were stricken with grief that terrified him. Then, in the dim light, a miracle happened. She smiled at him through tears. "I was waiting for you," she said.

Continued Next Week

Rev. T.H. Wright, B.A., B.D., former pastor in this district in charge of the work of the United Church, was recently the guest speaker at a Frank Willard Day commemoration function held in Nanaimo, according to the Herald of that city. Rev. Mr. Wright also was chief speaker at the Indian church at special evangelistic services for several services.



# THE TERRACE NEWS

VOL. 13

THE TERRACE NEWS, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1934

NO. 13

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## Terrace Notes

R. E. Moore of Prince Rupert was in town during the week.

Miss Ester Taft returned from a trip to Prince Rupert on Friday.

The Inter-Valley Lumber & Supply Co. has secured a good contract for timber for the Canadian National and this along with other business will keep the mill going for a considerable time.

G. Hamlin, the new C. N. R. agent arrived on Saturday and took over his duties on Monday.

Last Monday the Swain Transfer Co. took a quantity of heavy pipe up to the Columar Mine.

Mrs. N. Sherwood and Mrs. S. G. Mills accompanied Mrs. C. G. Mueller to Prince Rupert where she entered as a patient in the hospital there.

## Terrace Debate In Favor of the Hornby Plan

The debate put on by the Native Sons of Canada on Thursday night between teams representing the Terrace and District Board of Trade and the Native Sons drew a good crowd and provided a good entertainment for the evening. President T. E. Brooks, of the Native Sons was in the chair and invited the president of the Board of Trade to the platform. Debating the resolution "That the Hornby Plan of Immigration should be adopted by Canada" R. W. Riley opened for the Board of Trade with an exposition of the plan, and laid special stress on the impetus that would come to business with so much old country money flowing in the country to buy the land for the settlers and to equip them and keep them in supplies for the first year. He felt there might even be some business for a druggist out of it.

Jack Bigmore started off for the negative and claimed that old country people were not successful as settlers, and that the upshot of the scheme would be large numbers of them becoming charges on Government aid.

W. A. Kirkpatrick, for the resolution said that while the previous speaker had spoken somewhat slightly of the Englishman in Canada he was quite convinced that many Canadians would be equally as dumb if they went to live under British conditions. He advanced a number of good arguments in favor of the plan.

For the negative Floyd Frank got down to the practicalities and pointed out that farm products were already over-produced. The Hornby settlers would have large quantities of produce to sell, and these would have to enter the market in competition with the produce of farmers already established. This would have a disastrous effect on prices, already demoralized, and would work a hardship on all. The adoption of the plan would undoubtedly bring many on relief.

Fred Nash, for the affirmative, said that in Canada there were vast areas of unoccupied farm lands—this in a world where many nations were land hungry. It was only the strength of the British Commonwealth of Nations that had held back peoples of nations who could not be assimilated in our national life, and it was a wise move to go ahead and fill up the country with peoples of a similar racial origin to the Canadian people. The settlers who come out would be well chosen: the voluntary committee in England who would choose them would see to that. As the financial responsibility for the settlers making good, or their being returned to England at the expense of the committees sending them out was a heavy one the committees would see that every family was one whose chances of success were high.

Jack Sparks, Jr., wound up the case for the negative. As the other two speakers for the Native Sons had taken up most of the allotted time, and as Jack had a lot to say he started in to say it—with speed. He pointed out several things advanced by the affirmative that had no bearing on the resolution and in a fast well pointed talk worked havoc on much that had been said.

R. W. Riley took the rebuttal period and then the decision went to Messrs. C. Michael, Young and Miss MacInnes for judging.

While the judges were busy Mrs. S. Kirkaldy and Miss Velma Greig rendered a duet "Come sing to me."

Mr. Michael, in announcing the decision of the judges, expressed the hope that their finding would be equally unpopular as most like decisions. He said that the judges were divided, two being in favor of one side and one feeling the other side had a little edge on the argument. The decision was a very close one, less than 2 per cent separating the teams. The decision was in favor of the affirmative.

## J. K. Gordon is Not Optimistic Over N. R. A.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Gordon returned from a trip south on Wednesday of last week. They are both feeling in much better health and J. K. is getting things in shape for the season's work in the orchards. While in the state of Washington Mr. Gordon took a keen interest in the workings of President Roosevelt's recovery program. He says things in the United States were evidently much worse than many people had realized, and that great efforts were being made to bring the country out of the near collapse it had suffered. Camps were all over the country. The C.W.A. was working men much the same as the men on relief in this district were being worked—on roads, etc. The younger men, college and high school graduates are being used largely by the C.C.C. and are doing reforestation work and similar projects. Some of the people of the States are a little afraid of the danger of increasing measures of public ownership but the people as a whole are behind the President and are backing him to the limit in his work for national recovery. Most of the people do not have any idea of what the outcome will be, in fact, Mr. Gordon expressed some doubt as to whether the President was certain of the result himself. The big thing was that he had had the courage to make the break and was prepared to try other measures if some of the present ones did not produce the results desired.

J. S. Taylor of Vancouver, provincial organizer for the C.C.F., addressed a large meeting of local residents on Tuesday night of last week. In his speech he dealt exhaustively with the present day conditions and claimed that capitalism was on the way out. The C.C.F. platform was offered as the logical solution. T. J. Kirkpatrick president of the local C.C.F. Club was in the chair.

## MRS. SOUSIE DIED SUDDENLY

Terrace suffered a serious loss on Saturday when Mrs. V. Sousie passed away at her home on Kalum st. Mr. and Mrs. Sousie had spent the evening at home and about 8:30 Mr. Sousie heard Mrs. Susie stumble and fall. On investigation he found she had collapsed. The deceased never recovered consciousness and when Dr. Mills arrived he found life to be extinct. Mrs. Sousie was born in Sweden and she came to Terrace twenty years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Sousie being among the pioneer settlers in this district. She was 59 years of age and was a member of the United Church and a devoted worker in the Ladies Guild of Knox church. She was very active in community work and her death will leave a great gap in community life.

Carl Pohle has quite a crew of men working at his mill on Kalum road.

Mrs. A. Beaudin has returned home from Prince Rupert feeling much better.

Messrs. Agar Bros. made a trip to Prince Rupert recently.

In a speech in the Legislature recently E. T. Kenney is reported to have supported Clive Plante's plea for a Peace River outlet via Hazelton and to Prince Rupert.

Business around Terrace and district has improved a great deal during the last couple of months and by the spring all relief should be at an end in this section.

Rev. Mr. Welch attended Presbytery meeting in Prince Rupert last week. He was also a guest at a Gyro luncheon on Friday.

Our basketball reporter did not get a report to us this week. We do not know if the usual games were played or not.

## 5000 FACTS ABOUT CANADA

The new 1934 edition of this popular cyclopedia of Canada contains a wealth of new material that reveals an encouraging degree of progress, with upgrade in many lines in spite of any adverse conditions, Canada, judged by this tabloid record, is a truly going concern. The 50 chapters cover every department of the national life. No wonder it is widely used by governments, industries, banks, financial houses, school etc., in order to 'sell Canada'. Its compiler, Frank Yeigh, renders a distinct service in this hardy annual, now in its 31st year. Copies at 35c each may be had from the Canada Facts Publishing Co., 588 Huron st., Toronto or leading news dealers.

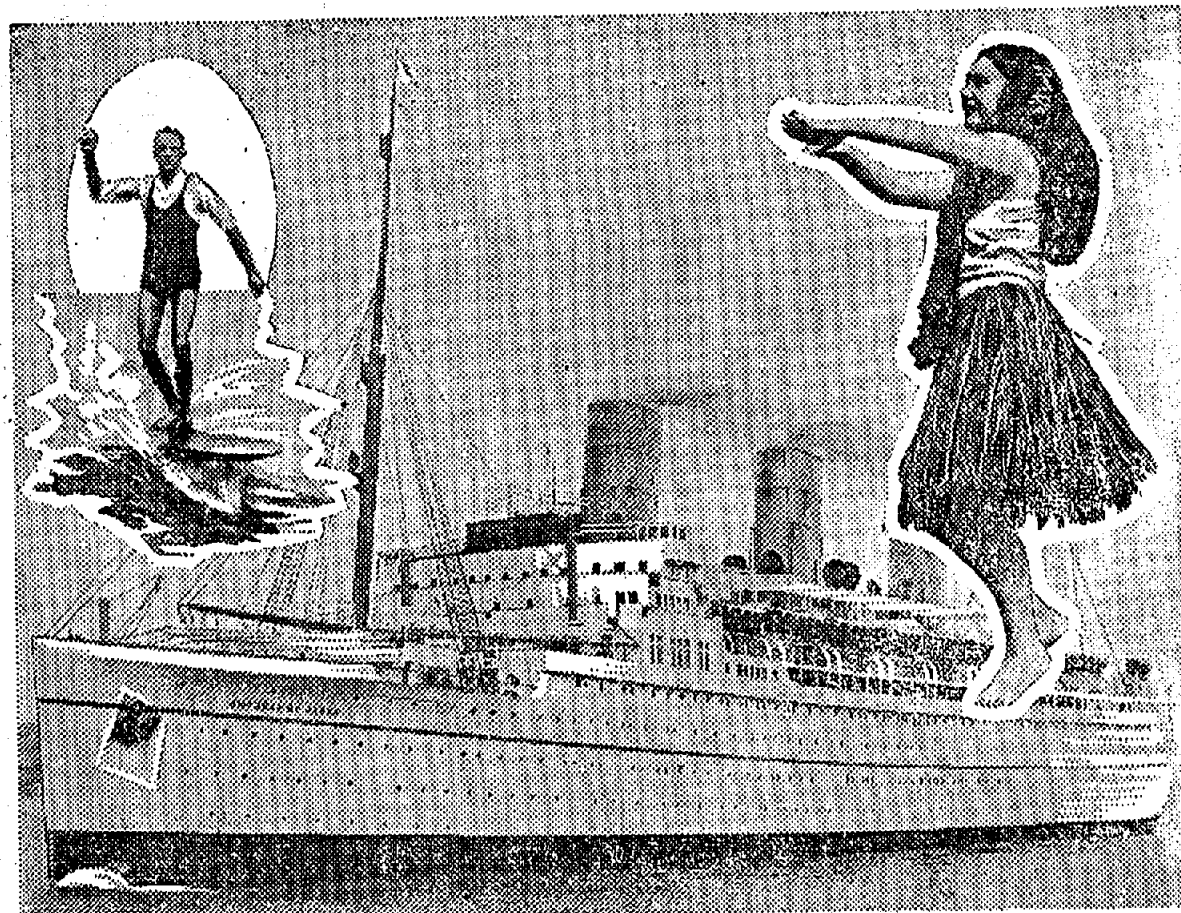
## Schedule of Addresses

To Farmers' Institute by

## The Markets Commissioner

Terrace	Saturday	March 10th	8 p.m.
Remo	Sunday	March 11th	8 p.m.
Cedarvale	Tuesday	March 13th	2 p.m.
Woodcock	Tuesday	March 13th	8 p.m.
Kitwanga	Wednesday	March 14th	8 p.m.
Evelyn	Thursday	March 15th	8 p.m.

## Honolulu! Here I Come



Twelve days of sea and sun on board transpacific luxury liners and twenty-four hours at the mid-Pacific playground of Honolulu are featured in a unique vacation (so different from the average two weeks holiday) offered by the Canadian Pacific and Canadian-Australasian Lines in May and June this year.

The first excursion, leaves on

round trip between Vancouver and Victoria and Honolulu has been set for the excursions. First-class on the Pacific Queens, the Empress of Japan and the Empress of Canada, to Honolulu, and on the Aorangi and Niagara back to the Canadian ports will be only \$150, a reduction of more than 30% of the regular round trip rate it is announced.

The first excursion, leaves on

the Empress of Japan from Vancouver and Victoria on May 5, arrives at Honolulu May 10, leaves the next day in the Aorangi and returns to the Pacific Coast ports on May 18. The second departure will be from Vancouver and Victoria on June 2 in the Empress of Canada, reaching Honolulu on June 7, leaving there the next day in the Niagara and returning to Canada on June 15.

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table syrup



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sweet for the  
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Annual Report of the Honorable the Minister of Mines for the calendar year 1933

"Placer Mining in British Columbia."

Summary and Review of the Mineral Industry of British Columbia for the six months ended June 30th, 1933

Non-metallic Mineral Investigations: "Barite" "Asbestos" "Glassware"; "Clay"; "Magnesite and Hydro-magnesite"

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## Doings Around Home

Of interest to you and your friends

For Sale Cheap—20 suckling pigs, 4 brood sows, 1 extra large boar.—S. A. Corley, Pacific.

Hon. Dr. Manion, minister of railways and canals at Ottawa, told Mr. Kennedy, M.P. for Peace River, that a Pacific outlet might be given the Peace River before very long. Mr. Kennedy received support from several Liberal members, including Olof Hanson. The outlet will be via a northern route if Mr. Kennedy in the Dominion House and Mr. Planta in the provincial house have anything to do about it.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a list of the meetings to be held by Mr. Grant, markets commissioner for B.C. These meetings are to be held from the 11th to the 15th of March under the auspices of the Farmers Institutes.

**EASTER-TEA**—The Ladies Aid of the United Church in Hazelton will hold their annual Easter Tea on March 31st, (Friday), from 3.30 to 6.30 in the afternoon. There will be a home cooking stall and Easter Novelties for sale as well as the serving of tea. Keep in mind this special feature.

Although Canada's share of the British bacon market increased in 1933 to 504,000 cwts from 181,000 cwts in 1932 and 49,000 cwts in 1931, Canada's shipments represent only 5 per cent of the British bacon imports from all sources.

The latest milk bottle washing machines have a capacity of 60,000 bottles

The ladies of Hazelton were delighted with the sale of home cooking they held in the United Church last Friday afternoon in aid of the W. A. to the H. H. There was a good attendance and there was lots of good things to sell. The funds of the society were increased by \$27.00.

### Mineral Act

#### CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS

#### Notice

Silver Bell Mineral Claim, situate in the Omineca Mining Division of Cassiar District.

Where located—On Six Mile Creek, Four Mile Mountain, near Hazelton, B. C.

TAKE NOTICE that J. A. Rutherford, F.M.C. No. 62637D, agent for Wm. Glebe, Free Miner's Certificate No. 46381D, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 85, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this third day of January, 1934.

Dr. J. J. Gillis, M.L.A., has been named chairman of the Liberal caucus. It seems to us we heard during the election campaign that there was to be no Liberal caucus; that all the business of the province was to be done on the floor of the house. Possibly it was found that plan did not work so well.

Edmunds & Walker of New Westminster have decided to open an office in Prince Rupert for handling their salmon and halibut business in the north. This will be quite a help to Rupert as well as to Edmunds & Walker.

Dr. R. C. Bamford spent a few days in Hazelton last week on business.

W. Lattie's house was on fire in Hazelton last Friday afternoon about 2.30. Corpl. Kingston happened to see it and he and Cons. Davidson, grabbed two fire extinguishers and hustled to the fire in the car. They were in time to control the flames before they spread to any extent. Their prompt action saved the house which is one of the better Indian houses on the Hazelton reserve.

John Newick attended Presbytery meeting in Prince Rupert last week as a delegate from the hospital.

Mrs. H. C. Winch accompanied the Doctor to Prince Rupert last week.

John Dahl and Arthur Lindquist left on Friday last for McConnell Creek in the Ingenica country. They have a dog team and have made provisions to remain in there all season. Last year they did some prospecting and found what they believe will give them a return for their labors. They propose to stake the ground as a lease as soon as they get in.

Miss Haines, R.N., of the Hazelton Hospital staff, left last Thursday for her home in New Westminster. She has a three months leave of absence.

Miss Boliver R.N. of Smithers, and a graduate of the Hazelton Hospital, arrived last week to take Miss Haines place on the hospital staff.

Dan Quinliven has returned from the south where he was working in a mine and where he met with an accident a few months ago. He is now quite recovered again.

During the past week Mr. Parsons, fur trade commissioner of the Hudson Bay Co., and his secretary Mr. Bassett of Winnipeg, and Mr. Gibson, inspector of the western Arctic District of the same company, paid business visits to the store in Hazelton. Mr. Parsons says that there is a quite apparent increase in business and in confidence, especially in that part of Canada east of here. While in town Mr. Parsons paid a visit to the Hospital and he incidentally left a donation of \$50.

## St. Patrick's Dance Friday, March 16th

Under the auspices New Hazelton members of the W. A. to the Hazelton Hospital

**New Hazelton Hall**  
**Miss Anderson's Orchestra**

Admission 50c

Refreshments Included

Lots of Pleasure for Little Money

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## Dr. R. C. Bamford

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## The Hazelton Hospital

The Hazelton Hospital issues tickets for any period at \$1.50 per month in advance. This rate includes office consultations, medicines, as well as all costs while in the hospital. Tickets are obtainable in Hazelton at the drug store or by mail from the medical superintendent at the hospital.